THE TATLER.

No. 47. VERITAS ET VARIETAS. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

New Series. THURSDAY, JULY 19, to FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1832.

THE INFANTICIDE.

(From the German of Schiller.)

[The poem of which the following is a translation is one in which Schiller's genius is characteristically displayed. The subject is an awful and affecting one; and the poet, within a small compass, has contrived to introduce considerable variety of emotion, at the same time keeping strictly within the pale of natural description. The feelings of a mother guilty of such a crime, on her way to execution, might be expected to manifest incoherency. Accordingly, in the irregular allusion to the father and the hapless victim of his treachery, we recognise the outward signs of the tempest which rages in her own breast. The transitions generally are abrupt, but naturally so; thoughts crowd her mind; she would give utterance to them all, but her time is too limited. There are but a few steps between her and death. In thinking of her lover, she at first supposes the probability of his having another mistress; subsequently she assumes that it is so; suddenly her mind wanders to her child, whom she sweetly describes; then she gives vent to imprecations on herself and the father; again she returns to the child, this time in connection with her feelings after committing the dreadful deed:—

'With sense confused I gazing stood;
My very being seemed to stream away,
And still I watched the tide of blood.'

At the place of execution she regains composure; and the last stanza bespeaks a mind no longer personally interested in this world's concerns, and sufficiently tranquil to think of the welfare of others. Her address to the faltering headsman has something heroic in it.

The translation we believe to be very faithful to the original; at any rate, it conveys to our mind a lively picture of the incidents represented.]

Hark, hark! the bells resound with hollow knell,
The hour completed hath its race.
Well, be it so! in God's name it is well!
Companions, to the fatal place
Move on. O world! receive my last farewell,
Accept these tears, this last embrace.
O world! thy poisons sweetness did impart!
We now are quit, thou poisoner of the heart.

Adieu, ye many joys of sunny light,
Exchanged soon for darksome earth!
Thou rose-time of the giddy girl's delight,
Adieu, intoxicating mirth!
Farewell to you, ye gold-work'd visions bright;
Ye laid in Paradise your birth!
Wo! in your morning germ ye met decay,
To open never to the face of day.

Once gaily deck'd with rosy ribbons fair,
A robe of purity I wore;
Then were the loose brown ringlets of my hair
With blushing roses scattered o'er;
Wo! wo! the sacrificed to hell, I wear
The swan-white garment as of yore,
But ah! black deathly ribbons now supply
The former places of the loop's red die.

O ye who have not fallen, for me lament,
For whom the flowers of innocence
Yet bloom, to whom heroic strength is lent
By Nature, your weak dream's defence!
Alas! my judge shall but be sentiment!
To human feelings too propense!
Within the arms of man, of falsehood deep,
The virtue of Louisa fell asleep.

Perhaps his heart, forgetting mine e'en now,
Another victim doth enslave,
Where at some toilet amorous jests o'erflow,
While I walk onward to my grave!
Perhaps he binds the kiss he doth bestow,
With locks of hair that wanton wave,
The moment, when upon the death-block shed,
My blood springs high from trunk and severed head.

Far, Henry! even unto miles remote,
My funeral anthem follow thee,
And may the belfry's hollow, howling note,
A deep, terrific warning be.
If from a girl's soft lip expressions float,
The lispings of love tenderly,
A hell-wound may they suddenly impress
Within the image of voluptuousness!

Ah, traitor, traitor! not Louisa's smart—
Thou harden'd man—thy consort's shame;
No, nor the helpless babe beneath my heart,
What might the tiger's fury tame:—
His sails swell proudly from the land! mine eyes
Pursue till distance shadows them;
Far off beside a maiden he reclines,
On the Seine's banks a treacherous passion whines!

Unconscious, in a golden sweet repose,
Lay in the mother-lap the child,
With beauty like unto the morning-rose,
The pretty thing upon me smiled,
While from his every feature words arose
In deadly loveliness, and mild
And sweetly *his** similitude displayed;
Love—then despair, upon my bosom preyed.

Speak, mother, whither is my father flown?
His guiltless thunder accents sounded;
Say, woman, whither is thy husband gone?
Each corner of my heart redounded.
Thee, orphan, thee, thy father will disown,
By other babes perchance surrounded,
A future year thou'lt curse the hour of joy,
For bastardy will blacken thee, my boy.

Thy mother?—oh, her breast hell-torments wring!
Must lonely in the wide world rove,
Must sit down thirsting still by pleasure's spring;
Thy sight will cruel anguish move,
Since every little tone of thine must bring
The bitter thoughts of vanished love,
The galling arrow-heads of death advance
From forth the smiling of thine infant glance.

Hell, if my breast thy form an instant miss,
Hell, when mine eyes thy presence have,
The scourges of Eumenides each kiss
From *his* lips which such rapture gave;
Within my ear his perjuries strangling hiss,
His oaths re-echo from the grave:
Here snared me round the demon hydra's seed—
Then perpetrated I the murderous deed."

* The father's.

May its infuriate shadow thee o'ertake,
However distant, Henry, thou!
With solid arm and thunder voice awake!—
When stars their glimmering light bestow,
May'st thou behold, and oh with horror quake,
The death-look of thy child to know,
In bloody garments may it haunt thine eyes,
And whip thee back again from Paradise.

Lo! at my feet it sinless, lifeless lay,
With sense confused I gazing stood;
My very being seem'd to stream away,
And still I watch'd the tide of blood;
I heard them* knock, they knock'd in wild dismay;
My own fears still more fierce pursued!
I hastened, glad a respite to obtain,
Though in death's coldness, from my burning pain.

Then, Henry, God may pardon and retrieve,
The sinner doth forgive her wrong;
All, all my enmity to earth I leave.
Search fiercely, flames, this pile among;
These letters rapid burn, as ye receive.
'Tis well! 'tis well!' with fury strong.
His oaths, his kisses, conquering fire devours!
These gifts how dear to me in happier hours!

Trust not in rosy youth, ye sisters fair,
The promises of man trust not;
The boon of beauty was my virtue's snare;
I curse it on this fatal spot!
Do tears into the headsman's eyes repair?
Haste, bind about my brow the knot!
From off its slender stem can'st thou not break
A lily? Pallid headsman, do not shake!

C. H.

July 1832.

* The officers of justice.

LADY M.'S PONY PHAETON.

No. VII.

COTSWOLD.

Incited by Lord Bacon's advice (to say nothing of my own will—'woman's will!') I continue my discursive prating of our excursive whims. The '*impressions*' of Radstock were *heavy*, in every sense of the word, and were scarcely removed till we found ourselves the next morning, after a substantial breakfast, on the road to Temple Cloud. Elegant name! 'Cloud cap't towers,' and lofty hills, and all kinds of romantic scenery, composed my ideal picture, as we drove along, which, to my vexation, was displaced by as tame and flat a bit of reality as I could wish to see.

Again we passed through that ugliest of all ugly cities—Bristol—ugly throughout, even to its female inhabitants, as I have been informed. *I* certainly never saw more than one pretty woman there, yet that one was so exceedingly lovely a specimen of the sex, that her superfluity of beauty would, if equally divided among her townswomen, go far to remove from them the above opprobrious assertion.

We had entered a china warehouse, in order to make a trifling purchase, when we were astonished at the appearance of a stately creature advancing, with measured pace, from the further end of the long room. She was the owner of the concern, and appeared to belong to the Society of Friends, by the extreme simplicity, and the subdued colours of her dress, though not by its form, which admitted enough of fashion to improve, rather than injure her symmetrical figure. In my whole life I never saw so grand yet lovely a being. 'She looked and moved a queen.' 'Yet that's not much;'—in these matter-of-fact days, when our best charade, even, is that which strips the Juggernaut idol of its costly trappings,—'What is Majesty, deprived of its externals?' Since virgin queens reigned absolute, and poets deified them, romance has quitted courts:—Queens now 'look and move' very much like other common-place persons.

We slept at Newport, where we were annoyed by some of those impostors who frequent public thoroughfares: a printed bill was roundly handed to us, purporting, that the coffin containing the skeleton of King Arthur was to be seen.

If they had but all the coffin'd skeletons of his knights sitting round the skeleton of his round table, the bill of fare would be improved.

Mem. To advise these additions.

On the following day we passed through Gloucester; and subsequently a beautiful ride of eight miles, with the romantic Cotswold hills on our right, and the picturesque Malvern to our left, brought us to Cheltenham, in its high meridian season. How much it is altered within these few years! its gay villas of every grade, its pretty artificial and natural walks, the variety of its surrounding landscapes, justly entitle it to be styled one of the beauties of England—a *fashionable beauty*, alas!

Hail to ye, beloved Cotswold Hills! immortalized by Shakspeare, eulogized by every one to whom the noble scenes of nature are dear; grand in your vastness, lovely in your more familiar views. Hail to ye, beloved hills! ye have realized the visions of my youth! When my morn of life was bright and joyous, I loved ye, though then unseen, for the sweet and undefinable feelings that were implanted in my heart by one of God's noblest works, an honest man. He had seen and loved your grand enchanting views, and has impressed them so deeply in his daughter's mind, that they have spread a charm over her imagination, which all the griefs and dull realities of life will be unable to dissolve. The storms that lay bare the roots of our happiness, and level the golden harvests in 'memory's waste,' have swept over that 'greenest spot;' and left it rich in beauty: 'it bears a charmed life.'

After sunset in a cloudy evening, we left Cheltenham, to commence our journey homewards, intending to sleep at Birdlip, on the top of Cotswold. Who that has not worn down the feelings of youth, can ask, 'What's in a name?' 'Birdlip on the top of Cotswold!' there was magic in the sound; and our wishes were on the wing to take our repose in the airy nest. We scorned the accommodations and common-placeness of the new road which winds under the hills; preferring the associations of this romantic track, up which doubtless Falstaff toiled and sweltered.

Fanny commenced the ascent of Leckhampton, with spirits as unjaded as our own: it is a steep and tedious hill,—a four-mile heat,—and as we had walked up the whole of it, I was not sorry to resume my seat. It was by this time nearly dark, save the gleams which a clouded moon emitted, giving a character of wildness to the scene, inexpressibly imposing. We were now on the verge of these lofty hills, where they seem to have been suddenly checked in their gigantic career into the Severn vale. All around us, there were grand abruptnesses, and yawning chasms, and undecided settlings, like the distended waves in Noah's awful days, when the wild ocean was let loose, and the mighty fiat was repealed, which had said, 'Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further!'

Over just such huge and monstrous forms were we now toiling, like the ark struggling its lone way among the preternatural unstable mountains that tumbled round the world!

Man has worked his artful course among these imperturbable and solid waves, and thus we wound about them, catching glimpses of distant scenery, as the masses opened, which the increasing shades of evening rendered mystical and fearful. Then it was we regretted having missed this splendid view, in broad day-light. We knew that those ponderous black forms in the distant west (where a sickly glare struggled with a mist, and foretold a rainy morning)

—we know they were the mountains of Wales; but the intermediate scene was too indistinct for the different objects to be identified. How could we prevent our imaginations from running riot with such provocations around us? A sudden turn in the road now brought us abruptly to the very edge of a precipice, whose depths seemed the fit abode of despair, when the twinkle of a rushlight, probably in some cottage window, flashed conviction on our minds, that cheerfulness, perhaps happiness, dwelt in this dreadful abyss. The sparkle of that lowly ray haunted my recollection for miles, like the smile of a kind though homely face. A star will sometimes shoot across our way, in moments of despondency; and who has not felt, by the force of contrast, its tiny magic influence?

Leaving the edge of Cotswold, we were now traversing its broad back, startled at intervals by the screams of the brown owls. I could scarcely be persuaded that they were not shrieks of human agony. In this dubious light, and on a road unknown to us, these strains were anything but inspiring, and we admired while we wondered at the vast diversity of tastes. One need never be at a loss for exemplifications of that homely saying—'like loves its like;' it is everywhere apparent; the gentler of our kind dwell on the chaste and tender melody of Stockhausen, with untired delight; more 'robustcous' natures applaud the cataract of sound, which used to gush from the capacious lungs of Catulani; 'staring owls' listen with blinking complacency to the fierce screeching of their mates; while the grasshopper lark (*alauda trivialis*) among the long grass in a copse, doats with fondness upon the singular thy r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ing note, peculiar to that bird, and I dare say never stops her serenader, to request he will take breath.' I have listened to the prolonged mechanical noise (like that of a knifegrinder's wheel) for a quarter of an hour, till my own breath has been painfully arrested.

The goal of our hopes, our airy nest,—'Birdlip, on the top of Cotswold,' as it is always called, we reached at length, where our romantic exploit was doomed to fall in a dull reality. We were informed that there were no accommodations for us; and, judging by the meanness of the hostelry, they told us the truth. On therefore our good little pony trotted, conscious, perhaps, that she was secure of our sympathy on account of her protracted sojourn.

Oh for the possession of the faculty to which the ingenious Gil Blas pretended! It is a subject of continual regret to me, that I can hold no intercourse with the noble animal, on which so much of our pleasure depends, beyond that which is achieved by coachmen and stable boys.

Condoling with Fanny, and philosophising with each other, we whiled away the time, till the surrounding home scenery suddenly impressed me with the idea that we were sojourning in the very heart of Justice Shallow's jurisdiction. This old stone cottage, with its gable, weighing upon its ponderous roof tree, assuredly once sheltered that athletic 'swinge buckler,'—Will Squele. Round that corner is the 'headland,' which good Davy was to 'sow with red wheat;' and surely this substantial homestead is the very justice seat of our immortal Shallow! 'A goodly dwelling and a rich,' is this. Over yon tall hedge, where sundry venerable apple trees are leaning their rough stems and cankered boughs towards other aged neighbours for support, is the '*orchard*,'—some commentators suppose it to mean *garden* (query, why?) 'Leathercoats, caraways, and pippins,' which once regaled 'our fat friend,' now gleam in the moonlight, with an *alias* to their names, to solace the '*inner men*' of the 19th century, when no Justice exists half so amusing as Shallow, and no historian writes half so faithfully as Shakspeare. I demur on much that the gravest historians have collated, respecting the 'small fry' that compose our early records; but never doubt the reality of our 'mountain of flesh.' 'Visor of Wancott,' is to me a truer character than Romulus, (for he was not 'suckled by a wolf;') and I feel confident that 'Clement Perks of the hill,' is not a man to 'have died, and left the world no copy.'—Shallows uproarious supper delighted us for the next mile or two, where the lights of Stroud, glimmering below us, put to the rout the whole merry group, and guided us to a meal of our own, at a comfortable inn, which we were fain to confess left us nothing to regret in having escaped the discomfort of 'Birdlip on the top of Cotswold.'

SOME DIRECTIONS CONCERNING LETTER-WRITING.

ALWAYS write upon ordinary-sized letter-paper, that is, upon paper, which, when unfolded for perusal, shall present a quarto surface. Do this, even though your communication be contained in but a few words; and on no account use either foolscap or note-paper in your correspondence.

On the left-hand side of your paper, fold down a small margin of about three quarters of an inch, into which let none of your writing intrude, that your letter may admit of being filed and ultimately bound, without defacing or concealing any part of its contents. Particularly heed this on the reverse side of your paper, where the margin will be transferred to your right hand.

Date your letter on the right-hand corner at the top, and instead of writing, for instance, '15th July, 1832,' write '1832—7—15;' that is, the 7th month, and 15th day of the month. In a volume of letters chronologically arranged, this will answer the purpose of easy reference more completely than simple paging.

If your letter extend over more than a single sheet, mark the first sheet, in the centre of the first line, with the figure 1, the second sheet 2, &c. and repeat the date at the right-hand corner at the top of every sheet.

In the centre of the line next under that which contains the date, head your letter with your own name, and that of the individual to whom you are writing; thus,—

From ——— to ———

This will save continual reference to the foot of the letter, and to the back, for the names of the parties in communication.

Do not destroy any letter, however trivial: it may be the means of recalling to your mind important incidents. Always keep copies of your own letters, not in books, but on separate sheets of paper, to be interleaved and bound up chronologically with the letters you receive.

By attending to the regulations prescribed, and inducing your correspondents to do the same, you will be accumulating, in readily accessible volumes, what money could not buy nor booksellers furnish, the materials of family history and biography, and a daily record of social and private interests and affections, which will be a treasure to you, your children, and your children's children.

The foregoing regulations are given with a view to supersede the ordinary practice of folding up and indorsing letters, and putting them away in drawers and boxes; a practice which, as it renders letters less accessible to their owners, deprives them also of a great deal of the interest with Mr Paxton at Chatsworth, to christen his next pippin—the 'Falstaff.' At B—— Park, we affect grapes and melons; apples are neglected.

'Leathercoats' are *russetins*, and 'caraways' are doubtless *carraway russets*. The 'Justice' evidently took a pride in his apples, from the circumstance of his 'grafting his own pippins;' hence the Dish of Caraways, quoted by the commentators as an after dinner confection, is a less likely condiment to be found on Shallow's table, than apples of various kinds. I shall make

attention and durability which they would otherwise command.

With respect to the composition or style of writing to be employed in letters, I will only say, write simply and clearly the dictates of your mind, and of your heart. Let not the least appearance or savour of affectation distort or taint your style. Language, upon all occasions, should be employed merely as the circulating medium of truth. The natural lispings of a child are delightful, but an artificial or affected mode of speaking or writing is not only extremely offensive, but renders dubious the sincerity of him who uses it. Take notice that you always speak and write best when you are most in earnest; and that you may always be in earnest on the best subjects, endeavour to keep your heart warm with love,—the love, not of money, but of men, women, and children. Do not consider your heart to be in a healthy or a happy state, unless it overflows with gratitude to your Creator, and benevolence to all his creatures, among the countless myriads of whom you are but one. Encourage these feelings, and think deeply of the duties they inculcate. The more deeply you think and feel, the more desirous you will be to give utterance to your thoughts and feelings; the more desirous you are to do this, the oftener you will attempt it; and the oftener you attempt it, the better you will succeed.

I conclude by trusting that those who approve of the foregoing regulations will begin to practise them; and for the purpose of giving them as much publicity as possible, that they will widely disseminate this number of the *Tatler* among their friends. ¶

THEATRICALS.

PAGANINI'S FOURTH CONCERT.

COVENT GARDEN.

To hear this wonderful man, Covent Garden is not only full every night, but *crammed*. This is no wonder, every fresh concert only gives us fresh food for admiration of his wonderful powers; he has all sorts of excellence; the exquisite taste of his embellishments, or *embroidery* of his airs, the astounding rapidity of his *prestos*, and the soul-stirring pathos of his graver passages, whether on one, two, or all the strings, is quite miraculous; to prove this feeling, there is no such thing as satiety; his last air is as greedily sucked in as his first.—Go on, Prince of fiddlers, Prince of musicians, make a larger fortune, and pray do us the favor to sit down eventually among us and spend it jollily in your old age, when your mind and fingers have lost their wonted *fires*. There is no use whatever in Laporte's eking out these concerts with a feeble mediocrity of such people as Madame Pietralia, &c. or trumpet solos,—still, Miss Saerriff is ever welcome, but she was too much alone. Sir George, Sir George, why did not you bounce up and lead her off, as you led her on. O fie, Sir George! Cooke leads with spirit, but makes a bad selection of Hayda's symphonies, they are too hackneyed; Beethoven would be better; and why does he not place himself opposite the leading violoncello in front, at the side?—they manage these things better in France. Cooke!—the orchestra is shabbily *scant*, as is the *scene* fitted for the occasion—shabby, dirty, and worn out; but Paganini *alone* is well worth 7*s*.; and the pit that would sit, made it dog cheap!

SADLER'S WELLS.

WHAT shall we say of Mr Barnett's new opera, *The Convent; or, the Pet of the Petticoats?* We feel as if we wanted words sufficiently expressive of the delight we experienced; we fear, if we allowed ourselves to run on, our enthusiasm would be too much for us, and our praises considered in the light of so many extravagancies. We, who have more faith in the *dulce* than in the *utile*, and who think that in the former the latter is comprehended, pique ourselves particularly on our especial judgments, where the pleasurable is concerned, and we are free to confess our conceit is such, that if we are wrong we are wrong on the right side.

The music of this opera we should imagine to be superior to anything Mr Barnett has yet done, and is alone sufficient to stamp him first of our living composers;* the Bacchanalian song, 'Away with all water,' struck us as a fine nervous composition, and was sung by Mr Ransford in a very creditable style. 'Sweet Eyes' was perfectly delicious, and was exquisitely sung by Mrs Fitzwilliam; but what particularly delighted us was the chorus of Nuns in the third act, where the sobriety of the ladies is so severely tested at a 'damn it' from the mouth of *Paul* (Mrs Fitzwilliam), who is forced into the indecorum by their pestering curiosity as to what news he has for each of them. Here Mr Barnett pre-eminently shines; the air to the words, 'You shocking little wicked, little saucy, little man,' and the concluding chorus, were enough to justify our former opinions of Mr Barnett's taste and fancy. The beautiful animal spirits of this piece put the audience in a complete state of enthusiasm.

The Drama of itself is one of the best we have seen for years; it abounds in capital sketches of character and highly comic situations; greatly heightened by the admirable manner in which the principal characters are sustained. Mrs Fitzwilliam is a perfect gem; she makes the sweetest *Pet* we ever saw; her acting was delightfully natural. We earnestly entreat all our friends to go and see this opera. We promise them a rich treat, and will stake our reputation on the event. S. W. H.

[If our friend's praise is exaggerated, the performances seem to be in fault for it, and we confess we like the merit which forces down the palings of cold criticism.]

We shall speak of the new pieces at the Strand theatre in our next.

Mr Kean is again engaged at the Haymarket Theatre. He is to play Richard on Monday next.

Signor Paganini has kindly consented to receive a large sum for his services in four more concerts at Covent Garden Theatre; the first of which is to be to night. Nothwithstanding all that has been said of his avarice, and of his complaining that he is losing his time by playing on these occasions, we are prepared to expect that his kindness is not yet exhausted, and that we shall even yet hear, 'That in consequence of the number of disappointments which have been caused by the impossibility of procuring places, &c.—Signor Paganini has again been prevailed on, &c. &c.' Be it so, if there is no other way of making him stay.—Frankness would, however, be better, if to be found in theatrical management.

Mr Laporte is said to be busy forming arrangements for the ensuing season; the new engagements have not been reported yet, with the exception of Mr Vining of the Haymarket.

* Theatrical, we presume.—ED TAT.

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PUBLISHED BY R. SETON, at the Tatler Office, 26 Brydges Street, Covent Garden; (to whom all books, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand; at EBERS' Library, Old Bond street; by CHAPPLE, Pall-Mall; WILSON, Royal Exchange; THOMAS, News-vender, Birchin lane; CLARKE, 21 Finch lane, Cornhill; STRANGE, Paternoster row; WATLING, 400 Strand; BUCKNALL, 2 King street, Covent Garden; TURNOUR, Theatrical Agent, 10 Broad court, Long Acre; TOMLINSON, Library, Great Newport street; HARRIS, Bow street; T. TIERNAY, 74 Drury lane, Corner of Russell court; D. HILTON, 8 Penton street, Pentonville; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

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